DOINGS OF SOCIETY PEOPLE.

MANY NEW YORKERS AT THE KEASBEY-WRIGHT WEDDING AT NEWARK.

The Most Brilliant Society Event Seen in Newark for Many Years-The Ceremony Performed in the English Style-A Wedding in Poughkeepsie, One in Elizabeth



ESTIVITIES occasioned by the near approach of Thanksgiving will be more general to-day than others. Out-of-town visits are numerous this week.

The most prominent out-of-town event, at which many New Yorkers were present. was the marriage, at 12.30 o'clock this afternoon, in Newark, of Roland Keasbey and Miss Minna Wright, daughter of Col. E. H.

Wright, one of Gen. McClellan's aides during the war, and granddaughter of the late United States Senator William Wright. The ceremony was performed in Grace Church, which was crowded to the doors when the bridal party entered.

As everything was done in the English style, the ushers did not walk in the procession. The ushers were Mr. Ward-Campbell. Lieut, William Wright, United States Army brother of the bride; Mr. Frederick Frelinghuysen, Mr. Howard Hayes, Mr. Henry M. Darcy, Mr. Pennington Whitehead, Mr. Stephen G. Williams and Mr. J. William Clark. The best man was Mr. Lindley Keasbey, brother of the groom. Miss Julia Wright was first bridesmaid. The other bridesmaids were Miss Clara Mellon, of Philadelphia; Miss Fannie Keasbey, sister of the groom; Miss Isabelle Green, daughter of Gov. Green; Miss Margaret Kinney, Miss Helen Barklie and Miss Mary Campbell.

The Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, of the House of Prayer performed the caregoons which

of Prayer, performed the ceremony, which was a full choral one. Breakfast followed at Col. Wright's home, in Park place. The affair is considered the most brilliant seen in ewark for many years. After breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Keasbey left

for Washington.

The marriage of Mr. William Storrs Hatch and Miss Minnie Robinson, daughter of Mrs. Charles P. Robinson, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will take place this evening at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street. There will be no reception. for Washington.

So many will attend the Harvard-Princeton football contest to morrow that it is for-tunate that early dinners on Thanksgiving

unate that early dinners on Thanksgiving Day are not as general as they were.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick J. Kuehne and Miss Margaret Ferme Bloodgood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bloodgood, will take place this afternoon at Trinity Church, Elizabeth, N. J.

The next social event of interest will be the large tea to be given by Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, of 19 East Thirty-fourth street, on Saturday afternoon to introduce her daughter to society.

Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. Henry Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. Henry Schaefer and Miss Charlock on the afternoon of Dec. 8 at the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

Mr. Morris Baar and Miss Selma Boas, daughter of Mrs. E. Boas, will be married at at 7.30 o'clock this evening by Dr. Gottheil. The bride will wear a white satin gown, with tulle draperies and V-corsage. The veil will be of tulle. She will carry a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. There will be no bridesmaids. Mr. Fries, Mr. E. Boas, Mr. M. Meyenberg, Mr. Henry Cohen and Mr. Charles Strous will be the ushers. The ceremony and reception will be at the

residence of the bride, 10 East Forty-sixth street. Mazzetti will serve.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lott. of Flatbush, L. I.,
will give a reception to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Schwab, of 175 West
Fifty-eighth street, will give a reception on
Nov. 29.

Fifty-eighth street, will give a local Nov. 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander, née Crocker, of 4 West Fifty-eighth street, will give a tea on the afternoon of Dec. 5.

The Misses Rhinelander are receiving much attention in Washington, where they are guests of Mrs. Stanley Matthews.

Mrs. Lawrence Kip, of 452 Fifth avenue, will entertain the Friday evening dancing class at its first meeting on Friday evening. Dec. 9.

Dec. 9.
The Misses Huntington, daughters of the

rector of Grace Church, are visiting Mrs. Royal E. Robbins, of Commonwealth avenue, Boston. The eldest stater is the fiancee of Mr. R. E. Robbins, jr., and is said to have looked very lovely in rose gauze at a reception given in her honor by her future motherin law.

tion given in her honor by her future mother in law.

Mrs. George W. Ballou and her daughter, Miss Grace Hoyt, have returned from their visit abroad. They will receive their friends on Tuesday afternoons at their home, 46 East Twenty-fifth street.

Mrs. William Hoffmann is visiting Mrs. Montgomery Wilcox at Philadelphia.

Miss Eustis, Miss Lulie Eustis and Miss Nellie Thom, of Washington, are passing the autumn in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Carter, née Potter, on their return from their wedding trip will receive their friends at their new home in West Fifty-ninth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mendelson have left New York for a few days to attend the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Mendelson, sr., at Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Ladenberg have decided to pass the winter at their home at 41 East Twenty-third street and not go abroad. The engagement is announced of Mr. George Bulkley Salisbury, of this city, and Miss Catherine Patterson, of Commonwealth avenue, Boston.

Mr. Charles Hawes, of this city, is visiting his mother at her home in Beacon street.

his mother at her home in Beacon street,

Miss Belle Wilson, sister of Mr. Orme Wilson and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, and Miss Paget will pass a portion of the winter with Mrs. Whitney at Washington, who will give a series of card receptions during the season. Mr. Charles H. Leland, of 162 Madison avenue, has been passing the last week at Tuxedo.

Tuxedo.
The engagement is announced of Lieut. Ridgway. United States Army, and Miss Bunker, of Garden City.
The marriage of Mr. Arthur F. Conery, jr., and Miss Gertrude Simpson will take place at the home of the bride's mother, 222 West Twenty-fifth street, next Wednesday.
The wedding of Mr. R. Ashton McCready and Miss Molley will take place on Tuesday, Nov. 29.

Why He Courted the Operator. [From the New York Pimes.] Several Wall street speculators have learned to

read telegraphic sounds, and so can ascertain the contents of any message received within their hearing. For a long time it was a mystery how one of them kept himself posted on all the orders sent to the office. It was finally observed that he always found a place near the partition inclosing the fair telegraph operator. It was supposed then that he entertained tender feelings toward the estimable young lady; but, as he never made sny efforts to make her acquantance, this theory was abandoned. Finally, in making some changes in the office, the telegraphic operator was removed to a remote part of the office, and he could not get near her without intruding on the privacy of the office. It was discovered then that he was not so well posted as formerly, and it leaked out that he had learned telegraphy, and could read the sounds off-hand as readily as the operator in taking the message. hearing. For a long time it was a mystery how

On Their Guard.

[From the Omaha World.]
First Sweet Girl—Is that Mr. Howells, the novel-

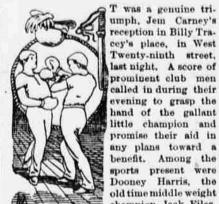
Second Sweet Giri—Yes, that is he,
"Dear me! We must act as if we had some sense or else he'll put us in a book,"

Use Riker's Expectorant For coughs, colds, &c., 60 cents a bottle (half pint) if it cures you, nothing if it don't. Prepared only by WM. B. RIKER & SON, druggates and manufacturing chemists, 363 6th ave., near 22d st., where they have been established forty-two years. All their preparations sold on same conditions. Insist on having RIKER'S EPPECTORANT, and you are sure of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost overywhere.

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

JEM CARNEY GETS A GREAT RECEPTION FROM NEW YORK SPORTS.

The New York Athletic Club to Play the Olympic Athletic Club at Football-M. A. C. Men to Box for Trophies - Fighting Dogs to be Taken Abrond-Ladles' Day at the Manhattan Athletic Club.



reception in Billy Tracey's place, in West Twenty-ninth street, last night. A score of prominent club men called in during their evening to grasp the hand of the gallant little champion and promise their aid in any plans toward a benefit. Among the sports present were Dooney Harris, the

old time middle weight champion, Jack Files, John Frazier, the sporting shoemaker, George Le Blanche, George Young, Alf Power, Bob Bennett, John Deery, Mike Gillespie and Pat Rail. Carney's father -in-law, Mr. Nolan, the English champion's friends who came from Boston, Messrs. Wilson and Barron and a crowd of others were present. The sketch artists, Lawlor and Thornton, sang a song be-

John L. Sullivan has gone across the water. He'll thrash them all, I'll bet you a dollar to with his hands, with his cukes, with his fists, with his maulers.

The New York Athletic Club and the Olympic Athletic Club football teams will play a match on the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, Eighty-sixth street and Eighth avenue, on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Haskins, the gentleman who left the \$500 with Billy Edwards to back Jem Smith with, put on \$500 to \$400 of his own money yesterday with a Southern gentleman he first met at the Sullivan-Ryan fight almost five years ago. The money, still in Edwards's hands, is to bet at evens. Two bets were made at the Hoffman House last night at 2 to 1 on Smith. to 1 on Smith.

The Manhattan Athletic Club talks of giving a meeting in a month or so at which pro-fessionals will box for trophies.

Mr. Pomeroy and Capt. Schuyler discussed plans last night which were submitted to them for the new club house on the New York Athletic Club's latest acquisition, Shef-field Island.

Dick Jones, the well-known dog fancier and rat killer, intends to cross shortly to witness the Kilrain-Smith prize-fight. He will take a number of highly-bred dogs with him and will try to get on matches for canine contests in England or ratting sports in Madrid.

The first Ladies' Day of the Manhattan Athletic Club this season will be on Dec. 8.

Crushed Agalu.

[From Harper's Bazar.]
Poor wife (to husband whose loud snoring keeps her awake)-Charite! Charlie! do stop snoring! Turn over on your side. (Nudges him.)

Husband, only half awake, grunts, turns on his side, and continues to snore.

Wife has a happy loca. Remembers a line from an article called "How to prevent Snoring." Gives her husband a second nudge, which elicits another grunt. "Oh, Charlie! If you'd keep your mouth shut you'd be all right."

Charlie (still semi-conscious)—So would you! [Grand tableau.]

NEW NOTIONS ABOUT DRESS.

Cross-barred Irish poplins are introduced for skirts, to wear with plain cloth basques. Velvet skirts with cloth bodice and drap-eries are very good indeed, when they are

All revers on corsages, bands or braiding for big and 'ittle women alike must by a law of nature taper in at the waist.

Silk Astrakhan cloth in jet black for wraps is more sold than ever, and costs about §3 a yard, twenty-two inches wide.

Watered moreen skirts, with a flounce, heavy things, but born with a hatred for dust, are again to be found in the market.

Black satin skirts are quilted to the kness and are about as simple and as far from clumsy as any skirt, equally warm, can be

Certain tea-gowns look as nearly as possi-ble like a floating mass of silk with straight cuffs. They are very feminine and often very becoming.

Changeable and watered velvets cost \$8 yard, but a year from now we shall deem them as cheap and ugly as the ombre-shaded grades of five years ago.

The vests that come from a point high upon the shoulders, narrowing down to the point of the bodice, seem to be as universally becoming as any style of the times.

On rainy days Mrs. Langtry wears to and

from the theatre a long circular cloak of black diagonal, decorated at the front only by gold and black arabesques. New flaunch petticoats are of cream pale blue or pink eider down flaunch, trimmed with a ruille of woollen lace of the same color, or one of Irish point lace, cream colored.

It would really seem that at last women and their dressmakers have learned the all-important point that all women are not obliged perforce to have their dresses draped alike.

Women may say what they please of fur being so warm looking under all circum-stances, but a prize would hardly bring out a woman who can look otherwise than blue and gray in beaver or other fur. It will be a very great mystery if we do not

see any quantity of circular cloaks and "funny" velvet Scotch caps this winter. Mrs. Cora Potter has started a fashion that it will not be difficult to follow. A girl is supposed to be exceedingly girl-y in a ball dress of pearl-spotted pearl, with underskirt of ivory satin, low, round waist of satin draped with the tulle, puff straps for sleeves of the latter and white violets.

Slippers and hose either match the dress or are all white or all black. Both cream and pale tan gloves are worn, and in certain circles appear probably the marvellous yel-low, blue and dirty red gloves we see in the

Chant of the Thanksgiving Glutton, [From the Chicago Times.]

I never had a sweet gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye— To glad me with its soft black eye—
But I would love it passing well
Baked in s rich and crusty pie.
If I could have a bird to love
And nestle sweetly in my breast,
All other nestling birds above,
The turkey—stuffed—would be that bird. ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

INSTANTLY CURED BY CUTICURA.

TREATMENT.—A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAN, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily with a top the special state of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Prime those of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Prime should be seen the blood cool, the preprinting pure and americating, the bowels open, the liver and kinneys active, with appendix durie Eccama, Tetter, Rugeworm, Parissis, Lichen, Piuritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every appearse of Rebing, Scaly and Purply Humors of the Scalp and Skin, when all other remedies fall.

ECZEMA ON A CHILD.

Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have dony child so much good that I feel like saying this for tienesh of those who are troubled with this disease. A title cit was troubled with necessa, and I tried sever loctors and me licenes, but did not do her any good untured the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily our ser, for which I owe you many thanks and many night freet. ANTON BOSSIMER, RDINBURGE, IND.

TETTER OF THE SCALP.

I was almost perfectly baid, caused by Tetter of the top of the scalp. I used your CUTICURA REMEDIE: about six weeks, and they cured my scalp perfectly, and now my hatr is coming back as thick as it ever was.

J. P. CHOICE, WEITERBORO, TEXAS, COVERED WITH BLOTCHES

I want to tell you that your CUTICURA RESOLVENT is magnificent. About three mouths ago my face was covered with Blotches, and after using three bottles of RESOLVENT I was perfectly cured. r I was perfectly cured.
FREDERICK MAITRE,
23 St. CHARLES St., NEW OBLEANS, LA.

OF PRICELESS VALUE.

I cannot speak in to high terms of your CUTICURA is worth its weight in pure gold for skin diseases. W. W. NORTHRUP, 1015 HARNEY ST., OMAHA.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and cily skin pre-



Advantages of Advertising.

[From the Omaka World.] Little Nell-Oh, mamma, Mamie Blink is a goin to bave a little brother. Omaha Mamma-What ?

"A little brother. Won't that be nice?"
"What under the sun put that into your head?"
"Mr. Blinks is got a advertisement in the paper,
boy wanted."

A Novelty in Smuggling. [From Puck.] Customs Inspector-Is this a tailor's dummy

the bottom of your trunk?

Eyes Ears Nose

are all more or less affected by catarrb. The eyes be- | "I have suffered with catarrh in my head for ye come inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pain and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines. I was between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the sears and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is read much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and ears and sometimes the nearing is a nected; the noise is unforced much. I began to take Hood's Barasparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the discrete the disagreeable symptoms disappear when the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, tonce and restores the diseased organs to health and builds up the whole system.

"I have used Hood's Barasparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Barasparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Barasparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Barasparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Barasparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the work and the catarrh arises, tonce are supported by the catarrh arises, tonce and the catarrh arises, tonce and the catarrh arises, tonce are supported by the

C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries. Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

he whole system.

N. B.—If you have decided to get Hood's Barsaparilla benefit from it than from any other remedy." M. E. to not be induced to take any other.

READ, Wauseon, Ohio. Hood's Sarsaparilla

C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Particular attention is inset "The Diane," ranging in price from from \$1.50 to are cordially invited to exthe United States.

McCreery ď Broadway and 11th St.

AMUSEMENTS.

DOCKSTADER'S. BLACK FAUST.

"Thank-giving at Washington Market."
Spiendid Sanging, Capital Comedy,
EVENING 8.30. SATURDAY MATINEE 2.30.

RESERVED SEATS, INSHAVOGUE. 30c., 50c. 7 EXTRA MAT. TO MORROW.

A BMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, 15s and 160 Hester et. SOUTHERN MINSTRELS,

TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW. POOLE'S THEATRE, STH ST. AND 4TH AVE.
100., 200., 300. Mais. Mon., Wed., Thur., Sat.
The strongest drama of the present day.
THE TUKET OF LEAVE MAN.
With a great cast.
Secure seats.

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)
"Fergy," said Mrs. Montgomery in that far away tone, which indicated that she was dreaming of something, " who invented Thanksgiving ?" "That's easy. Why, it came from the Puritans.

"Hardly."
"The Furitans didn't love turkeys, did they?"
"Give it up."
"I don't believe they had any regular Thanks-

"No," responded George, endeavoring to con

ceal his anxiety as visions of a check loomed up before him; "what was it he gave you, dear?" And the girl bowed her head on his coat collar and murmured: "His blessing."

WALLACK'S.

SPECIAL MATINER THANKSGIVING DAY.

TO NIGHT (WEDNESDAY), SCHOOL.

Thursday Mat.

School. Friday,
Saturday Mat. School. Friday,
Saturday LYBERTHAN THEATRE.
LYBERTHAN & 1.5.
THANSGIVING THE WIFE

A CADEMY OF MUSIC.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC.

A Examine at 8, Matinee Thankariving and Saturdae
The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama.

The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama.

RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and \$1.

TH AVE, THEATRE.
The Hindoe Comic Opera, by the
THE MCCAULL
BEGUM.
MATINEES THANKSGIVING AND SATURDAY.

PLIOU OPERA-HOUSE—SECOND MONTH,
RICE'S Ruce & Dixer's Sumptoons Production,
GO ARTAN,
GO ARTAN,
Every at 8 (Amp.), Mat's Wed & Sat at 2.

ful surprise. She must have heard it, for she turned her face round and up, and the street-lamp

She was looking into the face of Ernest Sedley. "My God, Maggie!" he said; "is that you? coming to inquire of your parents."

down on the sidewalk. He had his arm round her in a minute. 'Listen to me," he said, hurriedly and car

nestly. "You have come bome at last, I see it all. But they must not see you yet. You cannot "No, no, no!" she said, almost flercely. "Go

for this. I'm going to take you, and have you, be cause I love you." And he lifted her on her feet

"I don't know and I don't care," he said.

"Oh," she said weakly but beseechingly, "If you have any real pity, let me alone. I have a husband-you don't know. I'm too mean and miserable to listen to you. Let me go in to my

"You shall not," he answered almost sternly. "Would you break his heart? Have you no f ings left? The more miserable you are the more right have I, for I love you. I will not let you go. I swear it. There's only one place for you now. and that's under my protection. Can't you trust me a little. I'm here to help you out. We've got to make this fight together. Why, girl, there hasn't been a moment these twelve months when I wouldn't have died for you if it would have made you happy with any man. Do you think my great love is to be frightened off now. You don't know

In the presence of this great love a new helpleas ness seized her.

He stopped in this impetuous appeal, for she was looking timidly up at him with her big eyes, and there was a great wonder in them as if the woman of her was amazed at what she had missed.

He saw the beautiful face with a big sorrow in it. She said not a word. Some mute but eloquent kind of faith in him shone in the cool depths of her

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A Realistic Story of New York Life by Nym Crinkle. [Continued from Tuesday.]

V. OU have now to go to the

Fourteenth street and Broadway. Registered there you will find John Watson Keeley and wife. They have two rooms looking out on Union Square, Mrs. Keeley is in the larger of the rooms. sitting in a large chair. attired in a new and showy wrapper, and she is aur. veying with a kind of umph a collection of dresses, shoes, slippers and wraps that lie in confusion on the floor before

There is a knock, and a moment later the door is pened by a servant and Lida breaks in. She rushes across the room. The two women hug each ther and Lida begins to cry.

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie," she says, blubberingly, "how could you go and do it and not tell one of us not even your mother. Just to think of your being that aly!" en she stepped back and took a survey of the

shows wrapper, and could not help showing her miration of it. "Oh, my," she cried. "You are scrum, ain't you. Who is he? Where did he come from?" "I couldn't rest till I sent for you," said Mrs. Keeley. "I just wanted to see you and tell you

all about it. How's ma? Say, did she go on much ?" "No," said Lida, "your old woman lan't the kind to go on much. It would have been better if she had. I guess she was more hurt than any of

ns, but she didn't say much." "Dear old ma. Do you think Lida that I wanted her to live and die in a cellar. Do you think I was going to put up with ghat hooked-nose hussy

and six dollars a week all my life. "I wrote a letter and told pop all about it and what I intended to do for him, and that I was sick of seeing him work"-

"Yes," broke in Lida, "he read it loud to all of us, and Frank swore. I never heard him swear before. But say Maggie, he must be a millionaireis he? Where'd you pick him up?"

I don't see what he wanted to read it to Frank for," said Maggie. "What's he got to do with it?" 'Oh, don't talk that way. Frank's like one of the family. He's been helping your father out, and he was struck on you; you know it. You've broken She told them nothing about it. I'm going to see his heart, Mag, I can tell you. Stand up and let me see your dress. Jeminy, but it becomes you. Your own mother wouldn't know you. I'd take it up a little in front. Oh, say, I haven't told you about Sedley."

Don't," said Maggie, suddenly and seriously. "I don't want to hear about Sedley now. Tell me ome other time. I've got a lot to say to you." " Wait till I look at the shoes."

""Sit right down there on the floor and look at everything. I'll sit here alongside. Now, I haven't working, but I'm going to work to make some

made lots of money. He's a manager."

it. And you are going to be a theatre actress!" "I just am," said Maggie; "but you don' hotel called the Morton | want to go back and blab the whole thing to the House, on the corner of old folks. They'll never understand it. I'm going to tell you all about it, because you'll know what I'm talking about.

> had made a incky escape. He hadn't escaped. things were going, advised him to take a run over to Paris with the Bartletts, and he packed his trunk

the dock than to be so miserable. If you laugh at this you've never been there. The fact is, he had nothing to fill his mind and give him employment, so he brooded; and when a healthy young man broods he is dangerous

cut it.

poor girl; and she might have had an honorable and affluent place far from all this. "Yes," said Lids, "it would have been better if

that now. '" "Lida," said Mr. Sedley, suddenly, "perhap

We'll have to find out." " Oh, don't say that, Mr. Sedley. She appeared so happy and gay and beautiful. You ought to see her in her new dresses. She looked like a prin-

with a manager, exclaimed Mr. Sedley? Girls do not walk out of shops upon the stage. There's something wrong, Lida !" "Weil, I don't know of anything wrong. I saw

going to make money and take her parents out of a cellar. .. But you tell me she has not seen her parents.

VII.

A man never set out to pry into other people's business that he did not find something distressing. One day Mr. Sedley was in the cafe of the Morton House, and he met a heavy set man of afty-five, and grasped him by the hand immediately.

days," he said. "Sit down here; I want to get a little informtion. Do you know a man in the themarried a millionaire at all. I have got to go on atrical business by the name of Keeley-John

'Don't you love him?" asked Lida, holding up a bronze slipper by its French heel.

Maggie leaned over and replied: "He's just as ice as a picture—walt till you see him—and he's

" A what ?" "A theatre manager!" "Heavenly powers!" said Lida, dropping the slipper and clasping her bands; "you don't mean

VI. Mr. Ernest Sedley was a very badly smashed-up man. It was all very well for him to snap his fingers and say, "Another illusion vanished." It didn't vanish. It was very brave and self-possessed for him to assure himself that after all he He quit the store. His mother, seeing how

He couldn't resist the temptation to go and find out something about Maggle.

she'd taken you; so I told her."

the middle of next week and said: * Don't talk of she's made an awful mistake-don't you know-I mean it's possible she's the victim of an adventurer.

cess, indeed she did." "By what means did she become acquainted

them myself."

"Pve been looking for you, Colonel, for some

Keeley ?"
"Yes," said the Colonel. "There's two of 'em.

Perhaps you may not believe it, but he actually asked himself if it wouldn't be better to jump off

Any able-minded man would have told him to He caught Lida and learned all about it. " Married a manager and was going on the stage. he repeated, with genuine horror, " Poor girl

"Don't be impertment," replied Mr. Sedley. " What did she say?" 'She just rolled up her eyebrows and looked into

the wedding ring on her finger, and she says she's

ing men, actors and managers. The long manog-any bars are crowded against by groups of

The next day he sailed.

broke. What's up?"

"MY GOD! MAGGIE," HE SAID, "IS THAT YOU!" You mean John Keeley, that has been doing | jacket and white vest, whose black eyes sparkle the Southwestern circuit. Of course you don't mean the other. He's only on the edges

One's a hard-working, nonest man, with a pretty good bank account. The other's a gambler. He started as a canvasman in a circus, and you don't want to know him." "No, certainly not," said Mr. Sedley. "You know Mr. Keeley to be a man of character and business standing." "Yes, I do The other fellow's a bum. I think they call him Watson. He comes and goes. | self-confidence.

than any one of them. Do you know "Nothing. One of them married a friend of why? Because I've got the attraction-made a mine, that's all." life contract. Gentlemen, I've married a bread-winner, and don't you forget it." " Well, if it's Watson, I'm sorry for your friend. I think he had a wife three or four years ago, and I never heard what he did with her." 'That's solid," Mr. Sedley went to the register. Something told

him that Maggie had married the wrong man, and there was an odd gleam of hope for him in her misfortune. son's a side-show to my wife. That woman's worth He went home and wrote the following letter: My Dean Mrs. Keeley: Of course, your marriage has been a great blow to me. I need not disguise that from you. But I sincerely hope you have found a worthy husband. I am going to Europe for a few weeks, and could not leave without saying good-by. If ever you should need a friend, do not healtaite to summon to clean fifty thousand a year with good working. I had her on the road yesterday and paralyzed the boulevard." This was Mr. John Wilson Keeley.

It is three weeks later. The scene is the Morton House café still. The place is full of men-sport-

should need a friend, dever forget you. Four aid one who will never forget you. ERNEST SEDLEY.

Turns up with a pile of money, and then turns up

with excitement. He wears his glossy silk hat a little on the side of his head, and the short, black, curly hair bulges out a little on the other side. His mustache is as black as his hat and as glossy. Take him altogether, he is a handsome, rakish devil-may-care sort of fellow, who might pass for a travelling actor, a gambler or a negro minstrel. He talks with a loud and indiscriminate volubility that betokens the influence of liquor, added to an extraordinary amount of " I'll bet you \$500, and put the money up, that I'll make more money next season on the road

said a little man, whose nose was broken, "I've seen her. Adelaids Neilson ain't a patch on her, " "Adelaide Nellson," repeated the first speaker, with magnificent contempt; "-why Adelade Neil-

Mrs. Reciey was luxuriously sleeping on a vol-Her honeymoon was a series of surprises to her. Her husband was proud of her. He put the most showy of garments on her. She had a diamond ring on her finger and diamonds in her ears. He took her to the theatre every night, and nearly always paraded her in a box. He sent her to a celebrated theatrical coach, as the stage teacher is called, and she took lessons every day in fencing noisy drinkers. Near the Broadway entrance and posing and reciting. She ate late suppers is a handsome young man in a velveteen with him, and learned to drink champagne. He

her and made her pose for them, and they made whispered remarks about her limbs and her shoulders and her eyebrows. When he stayed out late she sat up and waited and worried, and when he came back full she cried and put him to bed with his clothes on.

About the third month she began to have mis-

vest pocket. But she did not upbraid him, If she had lost her temper he would have liked her better for it. The first sign of brutality was given when he told her she would have to go to work, and an old man came up to see her who was introduced as her stage manager and told her she must go with a company in a week's time and appear in tights. He had let her out to a travelling burlesque company at \$40 a week. This old man was disgust

ingly polite and coarse at the same time, and in-

Finally she corrected him. My name is Maggie

sisted on calling her Beatrix.

spent on you."

"Your name is Beatrix Wyndemere," replied er husband, "and you're an Australian beautydon't you forget it." Her eyes filled with water, and he saw it. "Now look here," he said. "No sniveliting. By God, we've got to come to business. You've had a long picnic, and I haven't had the price of your

were dreaming of summer fields and drowsy afternoons in hammocks, being woke up by the crash that makes them helpless and malmed for life. It must have been something;like that to Maggie. There she stood, staring at her husband with those big, cool eyes, trying to comprehend the sudden brutality of it all, and wondering if it were possible that love could end in this horrible way She was so calm and beautiful that the old man stepped back a pace and put his hand up to his

face involuntarily, as if to shield it from the

" Now you talk. Damn it, old girl, work your

eyebrows like that on the stage and you'll turn in

But Mr. Keeley only said :

something. Don't waste 'em on me. Biz, biz. " Then followed a year of humiliation and suffering. Beatrix Wyndemere went off with a travelling company that did not succeed. And three months afterwards she was back with her husband

in cheap lodgings in South Fifth avenue.

Her wretched life became worse and worse. She learned soon enough that he spent his time with dissolute women, and finally that he had taken up one in particular who was young and pretty, and upon her he was devoting his latest affection. There were days when he obtained money by some means and then he became unreasonable with brandy. When he was without money he was brutally sober. She did not out of shame let her parents know of her return and even avoided her old friend Lida. The last blow of humiliation was struck when her husband came in one day and told her he had met with a streak of luck. He had signed a contract and they would make a lot of He attempted to fondle her, but she pushed him away in her easy grand style. He had arranged to have her go with a circus as

aftite begget in the ving to Seabings so the \$200,000 champion loveliness of the Northwest. She rebelled. She said she would go home t her parents. She would work, but she would not

Diane."

vited to our new French Cor-\$5.50 each. Our customers amine these most excellent THE GERSTER CONCERTS. Paris-made Corsets, which combine new features in style and shape, and are absolutely controlled by us for

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The Origin of Thanksgiving.

of course," answered Mr. Montgomery. "Thankagiving wouldn't be Thankagiving with out a surkey, would it?"

"I don't believe they had any regular Thanksgiving."
"You don't, eh?"
"No, I don't. I think Thanksgiving was invented by some poultry raiser who wanted to get
rid of his back-number turkeys. I think he got
other poultrymen into the scheme and then got the
Governor to issue the proclamation."
"How could be do that?"
"Why, you see all these turkeys were old
enough to vote, and they threstened to take out
naturalization papers for them and defeat the Governors at the polls."

Hless You, My Child. [From the Epoch.]
"Oh, George," said the happy girl, ''do you

him that I had consented to be your wife ?"

her, and she tried to get away, but he brought her back to the room by force and made a diagraceful When he had locked her in the room he went off and drank brandy, and came back and abused

"Let me go!" she begged, "You no longer love me, and I detest you. Let me go away." givings. He stayed away three or four days at a "I just won't, then," he said. "I'm your boss time, on a plea of business. One day he came in by law, and I'm goin' to make some money out of when he was tipsy, she found pawn-tickets in his | you. What's your eyebrows good for 7 You want to sneak off with one of your pals. I know all about 'em. There's a fellow who hung after you before I picked you up. He wrote you a letter, didn't he, and would turn up and help you? You want to go out and meet him. That's what you want. I ain't goin' to allow no wife of mine cuttin' up like that. Don't you make any mistake,

You've just been wastin' your eyebrows on the

Under this treatment all the abeyant qualities

lesert air, my gai, and it's a great shame,"

ant had come to the woman from the Lord knows where, and had tried to express themselves in her face and figure, woke up in her soul. Sudden crueily sometimes develops all the germs of character. The poor girl began to see clearly all her mistakes and her missteps, and look out of her misery with clear eyes at the possibilities she had missed. She was crushed in demeanor, and the stuff that had the making of a loving, loyal wife of heroic proportions lay wrecked in the fearful knowledge that she had brought her misery on

herself. But out of the ruins began to grow board. I want to get some of the money back I've At that moment poor Maggie woke up out of her Go into the circus she would not. Threats and cajolements did not move her. She grew calmer dream. I've heard of people in a sleeping-car who and more resolute, but would not stir. In one of their disputes her cool, unimpassioned demeanor and resolute stubbornness so maddened him that he struck her. He was under the influence of liquor at the time. His fist made a purple mark on her forehead. She fell against the wall and sank upon the floor numbed and speechless.

Then he abandoned her. For days she was absolutely destitute and dependent upon the charity of some neighbors who took pity on her. All of her finery had been taken away save some miseraole house dresses. She had nothing to wear. Her shame and pride prevented her from appealing to her old friends. She shut the misery up in her heart, not knowing what to do, until one night, hungry and desperate, she threw on an old shawl, and, taking a drink of brandy that her husband had left behind him, started out with only the vague intention of getting away from a place that was unendurable.

The moment she got out in the cool air her head

swam. She went up Thirteenth street, irreso-lutely, into Broadway and out into Union Square and started to cross the park, It was about 10 o'clock. An indistinct idea possessed her that she would go and she turned and went down her old route along Fourteenth street, and, feeling faint and sick, sat down on the white steps of the Judge's house. where she had sat long before. It was the merest accident, and she did not seem to be aware of it. A feeling possessed her that she must go nome. And then she made her familiar way up the Second avenue to Eighteenta street. There was the oldfashioned house. It began to snow in cold, fitful durries as she reached the corner. When she got down to the building and raw the old light in the basement window she began to sob. Crawling up pitiful eyes. to the area rai ing, she stooped down and looked in. There was the old shop, behind was the open door and the warmly lighted room, and there sat Lid a prize beauty. She was to get \$75 a week and exand Frank at the table-and her mother, how old she looked, and feeble. But how cosy and comfortable it all seemed, and quies and happy. While she stood there a man wrapped in a great

be hired out to exhibit her person. He builled ulster came slowly up and looked at her. She wa crouching down to look into the window and did not see him. He stepped back as he heard her sob and pulled his hands suddenly out of his coat pock-ets, giving at the same time an exclamation of piti-

She gave a groan, clutched the railing and sank

see your mother, so come to mine first, away; do not look at me!"

with his strong arm. "In the name of mercy," she broke out, "don't touch me. Leave me alone. You don't know. "Pve got you, thank God, and Pm going to keep you. You've made a matake, Maggie. We all

asked. "Take you to my mother," he said. "We've been waiting for you all these months. You've got to be rescued from a great wrong. You have got to be saved from yourself. You are sick and bruised and broken-hearted. I will rescue you and heal you and take you back to your parents with a glad

away. Then, looking at the strangely bes face, white as if in death, Mr. Ernest Sedley bent down and kissed her on the forehead, and felt a big tear there of honest love and puty.

anythe a galving and analytical and while the development

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THE MARK TYRR.

WITH A BTRONG CAST.

fell upon her well-known eyebrows.

"I shall not go away," he replied, in almost desperate tones. "Heaven sent me. I've waited

do. But that's over now. You must do what I tell you. Put your arm round me a moment. There, cling to me my poor dear. I bring you love and comfort and hope, and life and happiness. Don't be afraid of me. Let me see your face. You are hurt, "

"What is it you want to do with me?" she

heart-for I love you."

In half an hour he had her at his mother's. They laid her on a velvet lounge and she fainted dead

(Concluded Friday coming.)